Windward
Arty Breezevane
New Invention Here
Guardian Gives First Report of Associated Sound’s
Most Recent Contribution to American Science—
Inventors Honor Bard Registrar with Name
Named Sanfordphone
Guardian of Morals [Woodcut]
Guardian’s Candidate for Guardian
Names J. E. Harry as P. M. Guardian
P. Poop ’35 Not Pooped But Is Getting Ahead
The Cookery Nookery
Aunt Helen Maria

John Francis Reville Hicks of Yonkers in the
costume he will wear at the coming Maypole Frolic
Dixie Pixie Hixie Wixie
Schultz Is Not Dead But Talks Over the Ether
Take This Test and Send to Stuffing Department
Your Baby And His’n
Ernestine White

Bard Freshman Writes Home to Maw

Wipe Out Red Educators . . .
Good American Eggs . . .
There Is Still Time . . .
Mother’s Day in Hong Kong
Edgar Pest
Alice
Communications
archy
YESTERDAY

WINDWARD


By Arty Breckenrige

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Rumors have it that the Senior Class has gone military. At least little banders and pop-guns and spangles will go toward decorating the Memorial Gym for the Prom if negotiations with Lucky Platt go through. And Senior negotiations, even between Miller and Campus with heavy sailing all the way, are famous. Perhaps the barrage of rolls and other foodstuffs from the back of Commons is actually Senior tactor practice in disguise. Target practice growing pains or good clean fun. The Seniors are real deeps and they meet everything with a laugh. And vice versa. Fortunately they are not wearing uniforms.

Cleavers and dyers, laundrymen, newspapermen, and Associated Sound (general collectors on the side) were instrumental in shattering that fake-buck-hippiest fame here among many student here. Banker Parent's room in Potter was a magnetic attraction. Moneychangers were not, as, look in hand, the week was up and pounced upon each unhappy. Goods were run over and divested of his $1,450. The question was a real point of the student body's year book money. Or was it a coincidence?

The debate last Friday afternoon in Vassar College on the question whether men have more fun than women was quite successful with perhaps one exception. Both teams neglected to mention that there were other men and women in the world besides those who had gone to college. Bard did hint that this situation existed but the great majority ignored the point entirely. Maybe they were thinking of Mae West.

"The love life of a dandilion should be investigated before we are confident of our children," said a spokesman of the Spinetor Society for the Cornerstone, Investigation, and Provocative. Vice at a recent meeting in Troy. And violets, too, have their evil side, especially if they are picked in bunches.

NEW INVENTION HERE

GUARDIAN OF MORALS


NAMED SANFORDPHONE

It was learned from authoritative sources early today that the Associated Sound System, the absolutely non-profit organization operating on this campus, has completed some important research in the perfection of the new "Sees All—Hears All—Tells All" machine, which, it is believed, will be patented as a "Sanfordphone."

P. POOP '35 NOT POOPED BUT IS GETTING AHEAD

"It sickens," that was the verdict of Percy Pop, '35, when questioned by GUARDIAN reporter concerning the value of a college education. Percy Pop, who is now working at the Bowyer broadband, "Good standing," exclaimed Pop, "has been standing since last June and I'm getting ahead all the time. Last week I took a piece of bread and I expect one next Tuesday. Next month I think I'll be promoted to the Times Square section and then while I'm waiting I'll be able to rove over to Holly Mansky's and knock off a quick matzoh."

"What about the people you find as competitors on the broadband? Do they have distinctive ability?" queried every inquisitive GUARDIAN reporter.

"You're damned well stole," said Percy Pop, as he followed the Bowyer broadband inferior to the men of Annamdaile. "Say we've got some of the finest drops in the country here. Any yesterday I met six of my classmates from Bard and although they were at the end of the broadband and in such a position as not to warrant my approach to them I could not let that difference in social stratification enter. They went to the Bowyer brothers in the bords of Knapp Gammul Chi."

Percy wiped away a hastily thrown at the thought of the sorry pass his brothers had come to. He continued talking. "My only regret is that the four years at Bard have been from being at the head of the Times Square line. If I had not wasted that precious time, it's quite possible that I could now be cutting the bread."

"Give my best to the boys at Bard and tell them—I'll be waiting for them down here. How about telling them to come down for the banquet? I may have a few words of practical standing on the broadband. Good stuff for the workbeads."

GUARDIAN'S Candidate for Guardian

As a book on women, (although my dear friends I fail to see how any man can ever learn how to understand the activity of the female mind) but I must get back to my subject, he has written a book about women which should put him in the position of being able to guide youth, both male and female. I second his nomination and more that nominations be closed." This motion was seconded and carried.

At the meeting of the Committee for the Preservation of Sane and Morals in our youth, held last Tuesday in the town hall, the ladies decided to add a new office to the Board of Town Fathers. Mrs. Elaioin Vanderburgh, wearing a lovely print dress of chiffon with short sleeves and a wide sash, explained the office. A tentative name for the office is Guardian of Morals. Miss Therese Smyth, in a man's suit with flat boots, immediately proposed Dr. J. Edward Harrington of Bard College, which was accepted, and the newly formed Community of Anamadale-hildon, as a candidate for the office. In part she said, "I have known the Dr. for some time and our relations have been most pleasant. He has been long a leader of young men. As a spokesman for the Women's Defense Union I cast 82 votes for Dr. Harry." In accepting this nomination Miss Donnelli, attired in a white jacket and skirt, said, "I have some two hundred women behind me. We all feel that he is the man who will be able to do the job in the post of Dr. Harry. He has a fine mind and for many years he has been active in the moral and ethical thoughts of the ancient Greeks. He has also written the beginning of (Continued on Page Four)
QUEENIE HICKS

DIXIE PIXIE

HIXIE WIXIE

ANNEADON-ON-HUDSON, N.Y., May 5.—(GET)—John Francis Reville Hicks, of Youkers fame, was elected tonight, by only a very slim mar-

gin, to be "Queen of the May." Chosen because of the dominance of his spiritual drive and motivat-
ing force, Mr. Hicks marks the first Queen on whom this honor has been bestowed.

Runner-up in the judge's selec-
tion was smiling James W. Pen-
nock, 26-year-old cleric of Albany, N. Y., who has several votes in the race for May Queen only because the Last Greek folk he was to meet this evening were too stupid to see his charm and the judges would not allow phys-
tical limitations into weight factor in their selection were: John W. Leid-
man, brilliant Olive Bridge (N. Y.) actor; George Gullaway, Long Is-
land, equilist; William Nieman, Amityville (N. Y.) tennis star, and

Richard York Frost, director of that latest Hollywood hit—"BADR IS THE WAY.

Chosen with May Queen Hicks to serve as his indispensable waiting-ershort order was Edward "True Blue" Bowers, (N. Y.); Vincent F. "Buck" Cullen, (N. Y.); and William Thatcher, Pough-
keepsie. These were unanimously selected by the judge because of their pacific natures and their cooperative spirit.

John Francis Reville Hicks, the first man to be elected to that posi-
tion under the revised rules and regulations of the Associated American Association of May Queen Judges, Inc. Present trends in May Queen and past experience, prove that the people are no longer inter-
terested in polemics as the es-

sential characteristics of May-Queen superiority. It was decided early this year that selections would be made on a lotteristic, more substantial and more spiritual basis, and that the Queen has long prospered the way the Victim has by the verdict of the people. Honorable mention should go to the runner-up, Mr. Prennock. Close to Queen Hicks in the rating, Mr. Prennock was passed and beaten only because of the predominance of his Res- hall of his cheer, and the flash of his smile. Too many people would be impressed, if the judges felt, by his good looks. Queen Hicks was chosen on the basis of the ballot alone when it was pointed out that the AAMQJ rules must be observed.

Shortly after the announcement of Queen Hicks’ election was made a few words to the campus circles that a con-

test was to be held later this week between the newly-elected Queen of the May at Vassar College, an institution of education at Pough-
keepsie. New York, and Mr. Hicks.
The purpose of this forthcoming contest is to choose a sectional win-
ner to represent Duchess County in the National Championship.

HIXIE WIXIE

TENANTED: Council President, the Hardy Bohemian (9:01 A.M.),

John Francis Reville Hicks at the coming Maypole Fracas.

SCHULTZ IS NOT DEAD BUT TALKS OVER THE ETHER

Mr. John Schultz, the highly-regarded president of the Associated Statesmen, arrived today at 8:45 o'clock from Bismarck. Mr. Schultz was chair-
man of the annual radio convention, which took place this year in the Nation-

al Capital. Mr. Schultz kindly gave the reporters, who waited at the Barthy Street, a copy of his opening speech.

"One of the most vital problems that has been baffling the minds of the advent of the forward move-

ment is that of the vacuum quartz noises which issue forth from the several electrical laboratories com-

monly called radios. It is interest-

ing to observe the variety of forms these disturbances assume. If you are an inmate of one of the several laboratories, you have greatly endeavored to cast off the sliders of eighty-cute wave to catch fleeting foliage. This

radar doesn’t do much good if your

job is anything less than a profes-

sional one..."

If you live in Albany, there’s no use playing a radio cause the fragrant accents from the Black Holes of Crotten add to your appe-
tite and you don’t want to taste the

Bunk Rogers, in the Room Buildings the vacuum

hall, and all that jazz and all that jazz

spool Fred the night at night.

You’re never, New York, and Mr. Hicks.

DILL LIFE INSURANCE ANNUITIES or RETIREMENT INCOMES

Appointments For Those Interested

HENRY L. BAKER

P. O. Box 63

Poughkeepsie

Tel. 356

HA! HA! WE FOOLED YA

COLLEGE STORE

Over the Prom Weekend

THE BEEKMAN ARMS

INPECT OUR NEW BAR

THE NOTION SHOP

Red Hook, New York

UNITED CIGAR SALES AGENCY

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TAKES THIS TEST AND SEND TO STUFFING DEPARTMENT

We rejoice in this opportunity to offer to our readers a new and different questionaire on general intelligence, materialism, motivation and all round horse sense compiled, revised and submitted by the well-

known psychologist, Dr. C. B. Coddlestrick. Mr. Coddlestrick has had considerable experience with monkeys and feels that this

enables him to judge most accurately the reaction times and condition-

ed reflexes of human beings. Quoting from one of Dr. Coddlestrick’s addresses we find that: we examine our most appli-

cant at conducting a series of experiments with one of my bowling

monkeys, Tally. I found that his response was as follows: I gave

three types of these experiments were conducted in a rigid scientific method, all variables were kept constant. Dr. Tally and I, had the

a Warden-Columbia mouse with the Murphy-Murfey-Murphy and

hypothesis modifications developed in Blame in 1923 and it has been

perfect correlation of .6 plus minus .0003 with another mouse, the

Lambert-Triple-Castleman curve. This also correlates with Gemelli (1930), Pasetti (1934) and Pavlet (1922). Using these as a

main point, we find that: Tally was a true subject in the experiment.

We believe that this quotation proves the integrity and capabilities of Dr. Coddlestrick.

Below we give you the questionnaire:

1. Circle in B column the synonyms to the word in A column.

A. psychology B. dog, monkey, chapel
C. reflex arc D. wheel, monkey, chapel, dog
E. motivation

2. Circle the word in B column with nearest meaning to word in column:

A. geese B. books, apples, newspapers
C. chapel D. church, cathedral
E. attendance

3. Would you, if the necessity were obvious, continue in the status quo regarding the going of students to chapel if chapels attended were suggested as a good thing to the essential life

of the College as a whole?

Yes Slightly No

4. Bard’s educational plan is a must like:

A. Buchaniam B. Christian Science
C. Nirvana D. Anandaiah County Club
E. Union of Vowed Celibates

5. Antarctica

6. The Moro Castle

7. New York State Training School for Girls

8. J. K. E. Landau

9. N. Y. Y., Adena

10. B. S. U. T., Neurological Center

11. F. W. X. Y. Z.

Three other things, if you would.

— EXHIBIT WERTS.
Bard Freshman Writes
Home To Maw

Dear Mother,
I am at last at Bard, where men are men and a fellow has a chance to impress his individuality. I'm awful sorry I wasn't able to write sooner; I got back here early in September—too damn early—but ever since I've been spending most of my time filling out work sheets. It really isn't so hard to fill out the work sheets, it's only tough when you haven't done any reading. But the fellows have showed me that it can be done. The work sheets I mean—not the work. There's no necessary relationship.

You know it's just like it says in the catalog—except for the library, which is sleepy, but surely putting on airs. But it is a wonderful example of Greek architecture like Dr. Harry says it is. Most useful for me, at least, is shown by the fact that it doesn't collapse. The librarian is a fellow who knows absolutely everything about anything, who is the biographer of the Nard dictionary. Even the catalog is just like the dictionary. It tells you nothing, absolutely nothing. It says U. P. M. O. E. These letters stand for Unusual, Perfect, Marvelous, Grand, and Extraordinary—because everyone knows that's the only way you can describe Bard students. When I got on the campus some fellows who certainly appeared very ignorant (I suppose they were seniors) remarked when they noticed me and of my charade that Bard was still specializing in the rehabilitation of broken down individuals, and nourishment of potential intellects. That isn't true. They're just an account of my class is a true example of distinctive students with distinctive ability—the sort who will really make the college go forward to Bennington and Sarah Lawrence.

And besides they don't give exams here. They give you culture tests to show you what you don't know and how much Bard will surely do for you before and if you graduate. Or sometimes the teachers ask the students to give supplementary evidence. Or sometimes the teacher just comes into class and says "Well, boys, we'll write this morning..." But no exams. Hell, no college certainly is making a mark of anything like that or not. No since they don't give marks and they don't give exams. They think the fellows think they don't give an education either so since they don't give these things it's easy enough to do well up here. You see just like in the catalog QUALITY COUNTS NOT QUANTITY. The only trouble is the minimum expectation thing. But that doesn't cause too much difficulty, except practically all the seniors class is in probability a class of course isn't problems. It seems they haven't been meeting meeting something. (First thought it was cause they were always getting drunk and tearing off to Vassar and Gen. Miller's—although I can't see why they don't go to Bennington or St. Lawrence which like Bard embrace the advanced system of education.) Remember when we were up here and the fellow took us into lunch and was so considerate about how we should get plenty of everything? Well, now it seems the students aren't so satisfied and now they have a food committee which meets once a week and discusses matters of improvement and everything. As far as we have a new lighting system, and next year we get a fresh coat of paint. They certainly get things done here like when they kept putting the new partitions in Bard Hall and Reganum until they got it just right or air, northing but the best at Bard. I'm sorry I can't write more but I want to see the hall games. We nearly beat Red Hook last year and nearly won one of the matches against Blackmouth. Put. We got nosed out of the championship last year and the Aths. But I've got every hope of winning a game next season. So everything is splendid and I'm getting more distinctives every day with much attention.

YOUR SON,
P. S. S. The food's swell. I'm encroaching a couple of minutes.

SONNY.
Potage Perniers
Cote D'Agneau Grille au Croissant

What's going on here
...what's happening in these 40 houses

—the curing and ageing of leaf tobacco
that's what's going on.

Thousands of hogsheads of mild ripe tobacco are under these roofs—just lying here ageing and sweetening and mellowing for Chesterfield cigarette cases.

Like Rip Van Winkle, they sleep—the tobacco getting mellower and milder for the cigarette that Satisfies.

Bard Freshman Writes
Home To Maw

May 10th.

Dear Mother,
I am at last at Bard, where men are men and a fellow has a chance to impress his individuality. I'm awful sorry I wasn't able to write sooner; I got back here early in September—too damn early—but ever since I've been spending most of my time filling out work sheets. It really isn't so hard to fill out the work sheets, it's only tough when you haven't done any reading. But the fellows have showed me that it can be done. The work sheets I mean—not the work. There's no necessary relationship.

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Like Rip Van Winkle, they sleep—the tobacco getting mellower and milder for the cigarette that Satisfies.

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Personal Notices
WILBERT FORSE: Mother is sorry she threw the sofa. Come back—Alice.
WILBERT FORSE: Meet you in third phone booth upper level Grand Central—Grace.
WILBERT FORSE: I'm lonely. Please write or call—Agnes.
WILBERT FORSE: Is it true?:—Martha.

Legal Notices
My husband Mr. John Smith having left my bed and board I am no longer responsible for any debts incurred by him.
—Mrs. John Smith.


Two Radio Entertainments a Week
WEDNESDAY, 7 P.M. (6:30)
WILLIAMS with Ramona Concert Orchestra and Chorus

FRIDAY, 8 P.M. (7:30)
HABITUALITY 40 PIECE DANCE ORCHESTRA with Marion C. Chaves and the Broadway Singers

COLUMBIA NETWORK
In the cartoon above, our staff artist, Gregory Bruce, has ably and dramatically portrayed the sad and inefficient state of our national preparatory service. We must divine, from this cartoon, that any other nation would attempt to attack the great and glorious U.S.A. But it might happen. There are powers in the East that feel that need for expansion. What is to prevent their expanding in the direction of the U.S.A? Certainly if we are to defend ourselves it is not too late. Race, horrid and devoting though it may be, is still part of our makeup. Wilt in servitude, WWII may involve us. We are no longer isolated. We cannot be attacked. Remember, the truest and most cherished of Russian pride is the self-sacrifice of whole battalions of sick women, of grandmothers who laid their dolls on their arms and turned their eyes to the playings of their little soldiers. Remember the courage of the men who fight as our Rumanian Marine. Remember the Alamo.

There is still time. Now that Ponce de Leon is on the way, the editors of the Guardian are taking the moral obligation to question the wisdom of cluttering up the campus and spreading disorder over rooms already sloppy. It is simply beyond our understanding how women possess anything remotely resembling normal intelligence can allow themselves to be doped into a brain that is not their own. What the hell do you people think you'll do here anymore? We haven't had a decent prom in 30 years--the floor's bad, the music's worse. The ball game Saturday will be as bad as ever. Why not have a little appreciation of the week-end, a well-behaved, self-styled intellectuals is a miracle of avoidance, and inbreed self-indulgence. Why the name XYZ from coast to coast for stands for self-appointed, organized, inefficient white!

Girls! Redeem your intelligence (if you have any). Get home. Is there a family? * * *

Names J. E. Harry
As P. M. Guardian

(Continued From Page One)

without the restraint of rules and regulations some of these boys who have not had the advantages that homes in the course of provides, overwrites of the children who have been subjected to the influences and temptations of the city, naturally such boys are bound to kick the traces and start to new their wild oats. Let them see their wild oats, we can re-member that when we were only a bit older than they, we saw our own wild oats, but we spent the crop to be eked out of our old clothes. Our researches, however, have shown that the same restraining influence that made them come to us has been more effective than our efforts. The same restraining influence that has trained our boys has not been as pronounced. We have been able to exert some influence on the college students in our village, but they are not in the same class as our students. Therefore we appeal to each of our life readers, and to anyone else not on the college campus. Of course, the weather for the past two weeks has been bad for the crops but we have been from "Poppity" Knob that the students going to make up for lost time and we'll have a long spring if the rains enough.